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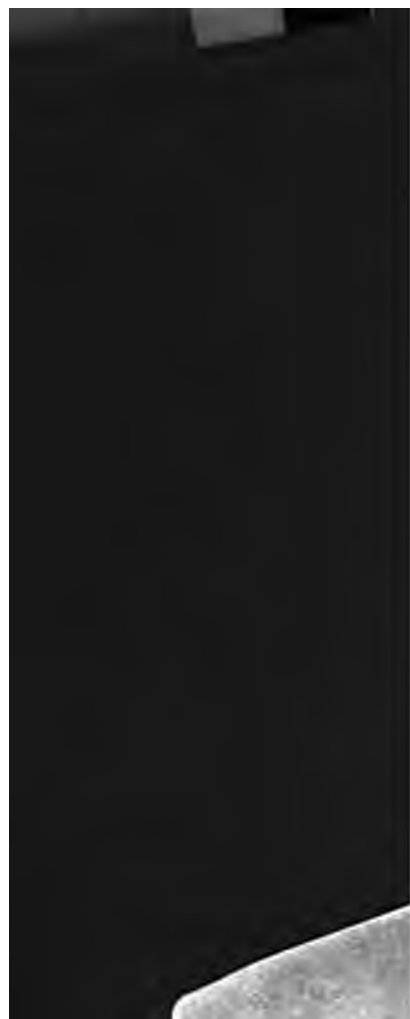
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**SACRED LAYS.**



**SACRED LAYS.**

LONDON :  
R. BARRETT AND SONS,  
MARK LANE.



# SACRED LAYS.

By O. D.



London :

F. BOWYER KITTO,  
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# SACRED LAYS.

---

## WEEDS AND FLOWERS.

---

It was remarked by an old writer that when we bring our services to God through Christ, we are like a little child who goes into the garden to gather a nosegay for his father and brings in weeds as well as flowers. But he puts the nosegay into the hand of his elder brother, who removes all the weeds, and presents only the flowers to the father.

---

My Saviour, take the weeds away,  
Present the flowers alone,  
For Thou my Elder Brother art,  
Yet with the Father *one*;  
My poor, imperfect services  
I bring to God through Thee,  
Perfumed with Thine own sacrifice,  
Most fragrant shall they be.

Dear to the Father is Thy name,  
That name is all my plea ;  
Accepted, yea, beloved I am,  
For I'm complete in Thee ;  
Clothed with Thy spotless righteousness,  
Washed in Thy precious blood—  
My feeblest offering now becomes  
Acceptable to God.

**"O LORD, I WILL PRAISE  
THEE."**

---

O LORD, I bless Thee for the grace  
That pardons all my sin,  
For hope of everlasting life,  
For rest and peace within.

Yea, for the richer gift than all,  
Of Jesus Christ for me,—  
The pledge of other precious gifts,—  
I lift my heart to Thee.

Nor thought can reach, nor tongue can  
tell

The heights and depths of love,  
Which brought the Lord of glory down  
From His bright home above.

---

Down to a life of toil and woe,  
Down to a Cross of pain,  
That sinners such as I may rise,  
With Him to live and reign.

For love that angels cannot prove,  
That only mortals know,  
My God, awake my silent tongue,  
And bid my praises flow.

Alas ! my harp too oft hath hung  
Upon the willows, Lord,  
Or yielded at my trembling touch  
No glad, melodious chord.

O God of love, touch *Thou* my harp,  
Renew each broken string ;  
And train me by Thy praise on earth  
A nobler song to sing.



LIFE IN CHRIST.

---

My blessèd Lord, I know that Thou art  
mine,

And I a branch in Thee, the living Vine,  
My clinging tendrils round Thee I en-  
twine,

Thou art my Life.

Be Thou my everlasting strength and  
stay,

Apart from Thee, I wither and decay ;  
My life and vigour soon will fade away,  
Without Thy life.

The fruitful branch Thy Father prunes  
with care,

For He is honoured if much fruit it  
bear;

Let me thus prove that I, Thy weak  
one, share

Thy hidden life.

Thou living One, may I abide in Thee,

And O do Thou, my Lord, abide in me;

For only thus Thy branch can fruitful be,

Through Thee, my Life.

How close the union which Thy grace

hath wrought,

How sweet the life which Thine own

death hath bought

For me, by whom Thy love was long

unsought,

Thou Lord of Life.

And now that I have felt Thy quicken-  
ing power,

That on my leaf hath fallen the heavenly  
shower,

O let me cry to Thee each day and hour  
For fuller life.

Lord, give more life until I rise and go,  
Where from the throne of God shall  
ever flow

The living water by whose side doth  
grow

The Tree of Life.

THE VISION IN PATMOS.

---

O GLORIOUS vision of the Son of God,  
In Patmos' rocky isle !  
Well may the loved disciple be content  
To dwell alone awhile,—  
Banished from all the busy haunts of  
men,—  
To be alone with Christ, and share His  
smile.

And yet by sight so wondrous and  
sublime  
His spirit is oppressed,  
Though he has often seen that Saviour's  
face,  
And leaned upon His breast,

And heard Him say in accents mild and  
sweet,

“Ye weary come, and I will give you  
rest.”

Yet now how changed! a glimpse of  
Him he loves

Has filled the heart with dread;  
The favoured John, o’erpowered at the  
view,

Falls at His feet as dead;  
He cannot bear the glory of that light  
His Master’s presence all around has  
shed.

Can this be He who was a few years  
since

A babe of lowly birth—  
Who, as a man of sorrows and of toil,  
Had trod this very earth,

Despised, and crucified at length by  
those

Who had no eye to see His matchless  
worth ?

Yes, this is He,—John feels again the  
touch

Of that reviving hand,  
Which upon Hermon's height had once  
been laid

Upon the trembling band ;  
The hand ere long outstretched upon  
that Cross,

By which the loved disciple dared to  
stand.

Yes, this is He,—John hears the well-  
known voice,

“ Fear not, for it is I ;”

Yet not that word alone, on earth oft  
heard,

But the majestic cry,  
“ Lo, I am He that liveth and was dead,  
And live for evermore, no more to die.”

O radiant vision of the Son of God  
Enthroned in glory bright,  
We too may look on our ascended Lord,  
And yet endure the sight ;  
All that is frail and sinful left behind,  
We need not fear to gaze on Christ,  
“ the Light.”

But would we look upon His face Divine  
Unveiled, without a fear,  
We must behold by faith our Saviour  
now,  
And follow Jesus here ;

The pure in heart alone shall see their  
God;

O to be cleansed from sin ere He  
appear!



“THAT I MAY KNOW HIM.”

---

LET me know Thee, loving Saviour,  
In Thy rich, forgiving grace,  
Take off my polluted garments,  
Clothe me with Thy spotless dress ;  
Let me know Thee  
As the Lord my Righteousness.

Let me know Thee, Great Physician,  
Thou alone canst make me whole,  
Thou alone canst cure diseases,  
And the power of sin control ;  
Let me know Thee  
As the Healer of my soul.

Let me know Thee, Holy Saviour,  
Much I need Thy daily grace,

Grace to overcome the tempter,  
Grace to run the heavenly race ;  
Let me know Thee  
As the Way of Holiness.

Let me know Thee, tender Shepherd ;  
Israel's Keeper will not sleep,  
While the foe is watching near me,  
Me, a weak and wayward sheep ;  
Let me know Thee  
As the Lord who loves to keep.

Let me know Thee, Friend of sinners,  
Thou who still dost condescend  
By Thy love to draw towards Thee  
Those Thou lovest to the end ;  
Let me know Thee  
As my constant, faithful Friend.

Let me know Thee, mighty Saviour,

In this scene with danger rife,

As the Captain of salvation,

As the Victor in the strife ;

Let me know Thee :

Thee to know is endless life.

SONNET.  

---

ON the death of an aged Christian, who had  
been totally blind for many years.

---

HER eyes have seen at length that glorious sight,  
The King in all His beauty! Him she  
knew,  
And saw by faith e'en here, when from  
her view  
All earthly things were veiled, when day  
and night  
Were both to her the same; and faces  
*bright*

Or sad of those whom once she loved  
to see,

Were hidden from her. Then it was  
that *He*

More beauteous seemed, her eyes saw  
*but* that Light;

And she grew like Him,—went “from  
strength to strength,

From glory unto glory.” All the while  
She longed to see her Saviour face to  
face.

Yet patiently she waited, till at length  
She heard the Master’s call, and, with  
a smile

Of glad response, arose to His embrace.

**"THE CHILDREN'S GATHERING  
PLACE."**

---

THEY are gathering very quickly  
In the Father's house above,  
Where He dwells, and draws around  
Him  
All the children of His love ;  
They have finished all their journey  
Through the wilderness so drear,  
They have reached the many mansions  
Where there enters not a tear.

From the East and West they gather,  
From the North and South they come  
From all kindreds, tongues and nation  
To the Father's blessèd home ;

---

Gentiles once far off are numbered  
Now with Israel's chosen race,  
One in Christ, the Elder Brother,  
Children through redeeming grace.

There are many aged pilgrims  
Who have walked life's weary road;  
There are many little children  
Who its path have scarcely trod;  
Others who were meekly bearing  
All the burden of the day,  
When they heard the Master call them  
From their care and toil away.

Some have left the couch of suffering  
For the land of perfect rest,  
Babes have changed a mother's bosom  
For the loving Saviour's breast;

Some have gladly left behind them  
Scenes of poverty and strife,  
Others have resigned a kingdom  
For a crown of endless life.

Yet, whate'er their path to glory,  
Long or short their earthly day,  
They have reached their home in heaven,  
Through the one, the living Way ;  
He who taught the weary sinner  
To His cross for hope to flee,  
Is the same who says of children,  
“ Suffer them to come to Me.”

Though to some the rest is sweeter,  
After toils and conflicts passed,  
And the crown of life is brighter,  
Which before the throne they cast ;



Yet one theme warms every bosom,  
And one note swells every strain,  
The "new song" Earth yet shall echo,  
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain."

"HE will subdue our iniquities, and Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea."

---

YES, Thou hast cast my sins, O Lord,  
Where they shall ne'er be found,  
Beneath the boundless sea of grace,  
Whose depths no line can sound.

Yet day by day I need to come,  
Fresh pardon to implore,  
And hour by hour I need Thy grace,  
That I may sin no more.

I need Thy Spirit's wondrous power,  
The evils to subdue,  
Which rise afresh within my heart,  
And grieve my Lord anew.

O when shall self and pride be slain,  
Which I so oft deplore ?  
When shall I cease to seek mine own,  
And seek *Thy* glory more ?

When shall my feet no longer rove  
From my dear Shepherd's side ?  
When, in the secret place of love,  
Shall I all day abide ?

Jesus, I know Thy blessèd name,  
“ The Lord our *Righteousness* ;”  
O may I find Thee more and more  
Made to me *Holiness*.

Help me to trust Thee for more grace,  
On Thee by faith to live,  
Until, in answer to my prayer,  
Thou dost the blessing give.

Saviour, this longing is Thy gift,  
The token of Thy love,  
Earnest of perfect holiness,  
In Thy pure home above.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S ROCK.

---

"The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock."  
 "A man shall be a hiding place."

---

"A REFUGE from the storm,"  
 "A shadow from the heat,"  
 From every danger I have found  
 A calm and safe retreat.

The little bird sings on,  
 Amid the tempest loud ;  
 I too may sing in every storm,  
 Nor fear the darkest cloud.

I hide me in the clefts  
 Of that once-smitten Rock,

Where, though the earth around may  
quake,  
I cannot feel the shock.

O blessèd hiding-place,  
In that dear, wounded side,  
Whence gushed the stream that gave  
me life,  
An ever-flowing tide.

How glorious is the Rock  
Wherein I place my trust—  
The Rock of Ages which shall stand,  
Though mountains turn to dust.

The Lord Jehovah lives,  
And blessèd be His name!—  
“The man Christ Jesus,” who abides  
Eternally the same.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

---

“LOOKING for that blessèd hope”—

Such the Christian's posture here  
Watching for the day to break,  
When the Master shall appear.

Looking eastward to discern,  
From afar, the early ray  
Of the Bright and Morning Star,  
Blessèd harbinger of day !

Day for which the Saviour waits,  
And for which His people long ;  
Day whose sun shall never set,  
Day of everlasting song.

Let us gird our loins anew,  
For that day is near at hand,  
Walk as children of the light,  
Till before our Lord we stand.

Let us hear our Master's word,  
"Blessèd shall that servant be,  
Who, when I in glory come,  
Shall be watching thus for Me."



“HE RESTORETH MY SOUL.”

---

DEAR SHEPHERD of Thy little flock,  
Thou knowest every fear ;  
Thou tellest all my wanderings,  
Thou countest every tear.

O Lord, restore !

When Satan tempts my soul to leave  
Her refuge at Thy side,  
And 'neath the shadow of Thy wing  
No longer to abide ;

Then, Lord, restore !

And if the world's deceitful voice  
Allure me with its charms,  
Kind Shepherd, seek Thy wayward  
sheep,  
And fold me in Thine arms ;  
In love restore.

Or, when my faith is sorely tried,  
And love to Thee grows cold,  
When hope no longer spreads her wing,  
Nor rises as of old ;  
Thy joy restore.

If, from the strait and narrow way  
My feet should ever rove,  
Then, Saviour, look upon Thy child,  
And draw with cords of love ;  
By grace restore.

O keep me ever by Thy side,  
Uphold me day by day,  
Until I reach my home above,  
And need no more to say—  
O Lord, restore !

**"LIFT UP YOUR EYES ON  
HIGH."**

---

**"He healeth the broken in heart ; He telleth the  
number of the stars."**

**Ps. cxlvii. 3, 4.**

---

**LORD of glory and of might,  
God enthroned above the sky ;  
Worlds on worlds beyond our sight  
Own Thy wondrous majesty ;  
Thou dost count them from afar,  
And dost name each radiant star.**

**Thou didst, at Creation's birth,  
Form the shining hosts above ;**

Lord of Heaven as well as earth,  
Without Thee they cannot move ;  
Without Thee they cannot rest ;  
All fulfil Thy high behest.

Yet, Lord, Thou dost condescend  
To the contrite heart to stoop ;  
O'er the mourner Thou dost bend,  
And dost cheer the souls which  
droop ;  
Binding up the wounds that smart,  
Healing every broken heart.

There, Thou promisest to dwell—  
High and lofty though Thou art—  
Tears to count, and sighs to tell,  
While thou speakest to the heart—  
“ Weeping sinner, I forgive,  
Jesus died that thou may'st live.

“Go and run the heavenly race,  
Trusting in Almighty strength ;  
In the conflict seek My grace,  
Thou shalt victor be at length ;  
I give power to the faint,  
Strength to every weary saint.”

Lord, I lift mine eyes on high,  
To the worlds which Thou hast made,  
See Thy glory in the sky,  
But no more am I afraid ;  
Lord of all that shining host,  
Thou art now my joy and boast.

**"GOD BETTER THAN OUR  
FEARS."**

---

"God better than our fears,"  
How oft we find Him so;  
We think the cloud above our head  
Will surely break in woe.

But that o'erspreading cloud  
"A silver lining" wears,  
And if it fall towards the earth  
A gentle shower it bears.

We see the gloom of eve,  
And dread a stormy night;  
God "giveth His beloved sleep,"—  
We wake, and all is light.

Or, if the tempest come,  
The soul on Jesus stayed  
Can hear a voice above the storm,—  
“ 'Tis I, be not afraid.”

O foolish, faithless hearts,  
Which are so slow to trust  
The love and pity of our God,  
Who knows we are but dust.

Who, when the east wind blows,  
Will stay the rough wind's power;  
Whose light will dissipate the gloom  
Of trouble's darkest hour.

Our God has been our help  
In days of sorrow past;  
O let us trust His faithful word  
To guide us to the last.

Then shall our way appear—  
When faith is turned to sight—  
Toilsome and rough and dark no more,  
But bright in Heaven's clear light.



" 'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die."

J. MONTGOMERY.

---

WHAT is it to live? It is not to dream,  
To let time pass by as a shallow stream  
Which bears on its bosom no precious  
things,  
Nor verdure to pasture or valley brings.

What is it to live? It is not to toil,  
With sweat of the brow to upturn the  
soil,  
To labour for nothing but dress and food,  
Or seek nought but pleasure and earthly  
good.

What is it to live? 'Tis to set the heart  
On treasures from which we can never  
part,  
To walk upon earth as a child of light  
Who looks for a home far beyond his  
sight.

What is it to live? 'Tis to make this  
life  
The scene of a noble and holy strife,  
To follow the Saviour in all His ways,  
To aim at His glory, to seek His praise.

What is it to live? 'Tis to walk with  
Him,  
To find in His love a refreshing theme,  
To keep both His cross and His crown  
in sight,  
And feel in His service supreme delight.

What is it to live? 'Tis to watch and  
pray,

To wait as a servant from day to day,  
Who knows that his Master will keep  
His tryst;—

To faithful disciples "*to live is Christ.*"

---

What is it to die? 'Tis a solemn thing;  
'Tis leaving the dear ones to whom we  
cling,

'Tis hearing the call from our work to  
part,

And feeling the failing of flesh and heart.

What is it to die? 'Tis to meet the  
stroke

That falls upon those who the law have  
broke,

To pass through a valley of dark despair,  
Unless the Great Shepherd be with us  
there.

What is it to die? To the worldly  
heart,  
To die is from hope and from joy to  
part,  
To enter with terror the world unknown,  
To tremble before the Great Judge's  
throne.

What is it to die? To the Christian soul,  
'Tis ending the race, and reaching the  
goal;  
'Tis laying the cross and the armour  
down,  
To take from his Master a blood-bought  
crown.

What is it to die? 'Tis no more to  
roam

As pilgrims who wander afar from home;  
'Tis that to which all our bright hopes  
aspire,

The call of the Saviour to come up  
higher.

What is it to die? 'Tis to see His face,  
To serve Him with joy in that holy place,  
Where enters no sin, no sorrow, nor pain,  
For ever with Christ,—then “to die is  
gain.”

## "JESUS WEPT."

---

"Jesus wept"—Behold the Man !

See the tears of love He shed,  
Tears of sympathising grief  
For the mourners o'er their dead.

"Jesus wept" o'er one He loved,  
Surely then our eyes may weep,  
When we stand beside the tomb  
Where our friends in Jesus sleep.

Yet upon our falling tears  
Hope shall paint a rainbow bright,  
While we look to Him who brings  
"Immortality to light."

Let us hear the voice that speaks

To the mourners at the grave,

“*I* the Resurrection am,

I am strong from death to save.

“*I*, who am Eternal Life,

Life to all my friends will give,

Though within the silent tomb,

They shall hear My voice and live.

“ Sown in weakness, raised in power,

Mighty victors o’er the grave,

One with Me, their risen Head,

They shall prove my strength to  
save.”

“Jesus wept”—Behold the *Man*

Groaning ’neath our heavy load ;

Hear His voice at Lazarus’ grave,

Jesus speaks—Behold your *God* !

**"I WILL BLESS THE LORD AT  
ALL TIMES."**

---

O NOT in sunshine only,  
In bright and cheerful days,  
When my path is smooth and pleasant,  
Thy name, Lord, would I praise.

But when the sky is lowering,  
Foreboding future ill,  
When the storm-cloud breaks above me,  
I would adore Thee still.

In times of lonely suffering,  
In days of weariness,  
When Thy hand is laid upon me,  
I still would trust and bless.



O not for things that gladden,  
And not for joys alone,  
For the love that sendeth chastening  
My praise shall reach Thy throne.

For pain that brings me nearer  
My blessèd Saviour's side,  
'Neath His wings of love o'erspreading,  
More closely to abide.

For sorrow that reminds me  
Of rest above the skies,  
And that draws me onward, upward,  
O let my praises rise !

And when I reach my home, Lord,  
How gladly will I tell,  
'Mid the songs of Heaven the story,  
" He hath done all things well."

**"A PLACE BY ME."****Ex. xxxiii. 21—23.**  

---

A PLACE by Thee—O grant me this;  
My Father, at Thy side,  
Upon the Rock of Ages safe,  
O let my feet abide.

Reveal Thy glory ; though Thy face  
Unveiled, I could not see,  
Within the shadow of the Rock,  
Thy goodness show to me.

Thy glory in the face of Christ,  
"Immanuel, God with us,"  
Is seen in milder radiance ;  
May I behold Thee thus !

---

My Saviour God ! O let me sit  
With Mary at Thy feet ;  
Or lean with John upon Thy breast,  
And taste communion sweet.

May I behold Thee in the glass  
Of Thy most holy word,  
Till in my life I shall reflect  
The image of my Lord.

A place by Thee ; 'tis even this  
Thou dost prepare above,  
For all who know the Father's grace,  
The children of His love.

A place by Thee upon Thy throne  
For all who overcome,  
Where they shall see Thee face to face,  
In Thine eternal home.

## HOW MUCH I OWE!

---

JESUS, my precious Saviour,  
How much I owe to Thee,  
For bearing my transgressions  
Upon the cursèd tree ;  
For bringing me salvation  
From sin, and death, and woe,  
No song of mine can utter  
How much to Thee I owe.

My tender, loving Shepherd,  
So faithful and so true,  
Would that my lips could give The  
What thanks to Thee are due,

For seeking out the wanderer,  
And bringing Thy lost sheep  
Home to Thy fold and pastures,  
Where Thou dost feed and keep.

My High Priest Great and Holy,  
Without a spot of guilt ;  
For Thine own full atonement,  
For Thine own blood once spilt,  
And by Thyself presented  
Before the throne for me,—  
The price of my redemption,—  
How much I owe to Thee !

My glorious Intercessor,  
Bearing in Heaven above  
My name upon Thy shoulder,  
And on Thy heart of love,—

When Thy dear voice shall call me  
To leave my work below,  
I'll tell Thee, in Thy presence,  
How much to Thee I owe.

"God speaketh in a dream, in a vision of the night."—Job xxxiii. 14, 15.

---

I DREAMED I saw the lightning flash  
around,

And heard the thunder roar on every  
side ;

Then, while I stood and watched the  
rolling clouds,

I saw them burst asunder, and a light,  
Brighter than noonday sun, between  
them shone—

A glory such as I had ne'er conceived,  
Surpassing far the lightning's flame of  
fire.

Chariots and horses numerous were  
there,

And angel-forms swift moving to and  
fro,

As though preparing for some great  
event.

The more I gazed, the more the opening  
clouds

Revealed the dazzling glory, till at  
length,

“What meaneth this?” I cried; and  
lo! a voice—

“The Bridegroom cometh, see His way  
prepared!”

But *Him* I saw not;—that had been a  
sight

Too glorious far to bear, though in a  
dream.



Yet I *shall* see that sight ; I shall behold

The face, once marred for me, radiant  
with joy,

The brow that wore for me the shameful  
thorns

Adorned with many crowns—then shall  
I be

Like Him, for I shall see Him as He is.

Meantime, I would anticipate the day  
Of His return, and I would seek to live  
As one that looks and longs for His  
appearing,

That when He comes to fetch His  
ransomed bride,

I may rejoice with an exceeding joy.

## WAITING.

---

— **REST in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.”**  
**“Blessed are all they that wait for Him.”**

---

**LEANING** calmly on Thy breast,  
 Help me, Lord, in Thee to rest ;  
 They that wait for Thee are blest ;  
 Teach me to wait.

For an answer to the cry  
 Breathed to Heaven with many a sigh,  
 Trusting Thou wilt not deny,  
 Teach me to wait.

For the fight with sin to cease  
 That so often mars my peace,  
 But from which Thou wilt release,  
 Teach me to wait.

For the guidance of Thine eye,  
When I cannot see Thee nigh,  
And my steps in darkness lie,  
Teach me to wait.

For the tokens of Thy grace,  
And the shining of Thy face,  
When Thy smile I cannot trace,  
Teach me to wait.

For the fruit of seed oft sown,  
With the hope that Thou wilt own,  
In the heart that seems like stone,  
Teach me to wait.

For the power to work again,  
When, in weariness or pain,  
I am tempted to complain,  
Teach me to wait.

For a brighter, clearer ray  
That shall drive each cloud away,  
For the light of perfect day,  
Teach me to wait.

For the promised glorious crown,  
Purchased by *His* blood alone,  
At whose feet I'll cast it down,  
Teach me to wait.

“THE Lord turned and looked upon Peter—  
and Peter went out, and wept bitterly.”

---

O SAY hath not a look the power  
To waken joy or pain,  
To touch the hidden fount of grief,  
Or cause a smile again ?

A look of love from childhood's eye  
Can reach the parent's heart ;  
A frown from one whose smile we prize  
May bid the tear to start.

A tender mother's cheering look  
Will soothe the suffering child ;  
A father's glance can check the burst  
Of passion strong and wild.

Yet 'tis not in a human look,  
With all its magic art,  
To cause a tear for sin to fall,  
Or heal the broken heart.

It was the power of love *divine*,  
Its holy, calm rebuke,  
Which made the heart of Peter bow  
Beneath his Master's look.

Lord Jesus, Thou art still the same,  
O turn and look on me,  
That all my wanderings may cease,  
And I may follow Thee.

## REST FOR THE WEARY.

---

THE sick and weary child  
Rests on its mother's breast,  
The storm-tossed, shipwrecked mariner  
Finds in the haven rest.

The weary man of toil  
Rests when his labours cease,  
The warrior from the battle-field  
Welcomes the rest of Peace.

But deeper, sweeter far,  
The rest which Christ bestows  
On those who come to Him by faith,  
With sins and wants and woes.

Rest from the sad attempt,  
The labour worse than vain,  
By their own works and tears and  
prayers,  
Eternal life to gain.

Rest from the heavy load  
Of unforgiven sin,  
From dread of wrath, and fear of death,  
From doubt and strife within.

The rest of simple faith  
In Jesus' precious blood,  
In His pure robe of righteousness—  
The righteousness of God.

Rest in the pastures green,  
By that still water's side,  
Where Christ our Shepherd leads His  
flock,  
And makes their feet abide.



Rest in His easy yoke,  
His service light and sweet,  
The rest of lowly ones who sit  
With Mary at His feet.

Yes, there is "perfect peace,"  
A calm and tranquil rest,  
For loving ones who lean with John  
Upon the Master's breast.

Christ's rest on earth is sweet,  
'Midst care and sorrow given,  
What then must be His rest above,  
The endless rest of Heaven?

LAST WORDS OF DR. PAYSON.

---

I HAVE reached the land of Beulah,  
Whence I see my Heavenly home,  
Where its glories beam upon me,  
And its sweetest odours come ;  
Where I hear its songs of gladness,  
While its joy my heart doth fill ;  
From that city nought doth part me,  
Nought but Jordan's narrow rill.

Hail, thou bright Celestial City,  
Where the Lamb is all the light ;  
Even now that Sun shines on me,  
Till I scarce can bear the sight ;  
Drawing nearer and yet nearer,  
Brightening to my view He seems—

I, a worm of earth, a sinner,  
Bask in His all-glorious beams.

Almost trembling, though exulting,  
While His rays upon me shine,  
Wondering with excessive wonder,  
Why such Heavenly bliss is mine.

O for words to speak my rapture,  
For a tongue with power to tell,  
All the joy with which my Saviour  
Makes this glowing heart to swell !

I have passed through many a conflict,  
I have known the Tempter's art,  
In the hottest fight I've met him,  
I have felt his fiery dart ;  
But the battle now is over,  
And the triumph is begun ;  
Christ hath fought the battle for me,  
So the victory is won.

What are the ties which bind me  
To the things of lesser worth,  
But I feel a stronger magnet  
Draw my soul away from earth.  
How she longs to burst her fetters,  
And to rise on angel's wing,  
Longs to join the blessed chorus  
Which the saints in Heaven sing.

Yet I'll wait and calmly suffer,  
Till God bids my anguish cease,  
I can bear the greatest torture,  
While He fills my soul with peace ;  
Yea, my joy but rises higher,  
As His strokes upon me fall ;  
For His will is all my pleasure,  
And my God is all in all.

**“ THROUGH THE FLOOD ON  
FOOT.”**

---

**SONG OF THE CHURCH ABOVE.**

**THROUGH the flood on foot they come,  
they come,  
Jesus' loving voice says. “ Welcome  
home ;”**

**Now the parting waves have closed again,  
They have left behind all sin and pain,  
They have reached their home so fair  
and bright,  
They shall walk with Christ in rai-  
ment white,**

For they washed their robes in Jesus'  
blood,  
Ere they heard His call to cross the  
flood.

---

SONG OF THE CHURCH BELOW.

Through the flood on foot they've passed,  
they've passed,  
Pilgrims now no more, they're home  
at last.  
Now they serve the Lord they loved on  
earth,  
Where they learnt to know his match-  
less worth ;  
Now before the throne they sing His  
praise,  
While they tune their harps to joyful  
lays ;

Now they wear the crown that once  
they sought,  
While against their foes they bravely  
fought ;  
Then they struggled on 'mid conflicts  
sad,  
Now they wave the palm, as victors  
glad ;  
Now they see the face of Him we love,  
Let us follow them to realms above.

**"COME YE APART, AND REST  
AWHILE."**

---

**"COME ye apart, and rest awhile,"  
Is still the Master's word ;  
Come, seek the "closet's holy calm,"  
And commune with your Lord.**

**Forsake the world with all its care,  
Its labour and its smile,  
Yea, leave your active work *for* Me,  
And rest *with* Me awhile.**

**Alas ! too oft we hear the call  
To seek our Saviour's face,  
And feel no glad response within,  
Nor run to His embrace.**



"Come ye apart, and rest awhile,"  
We hear the voice again,  
And feel the hand that lays us low  
Upon the bed of pain.

The rest we would not seek before,  
Our faithful Master brings,  
And draws us in His love away  
From earth's engrossing things.

From all the busy scenes of life,  
He calls us thus apart,  
That in the solitude He makes,  
His voice may reach our heart.

Then in a desert place alone,  
Once more our Lord we meet,  
And sing the song of youth again,  
Though in a strain more sweet.

Again we sit beneath His shade,  
And on His fruit we feed,  
And find His love can light each path,  
Where He our steps doth lead.

O sweet the "quiet resting-place,"  
Though sickness bring us there,  
Where from a humble, chastened heart  
Ascends the voice of prayer.

"Come ye above, and rest Me,"—  
Lord, when we hear this cry,  
May we with joy obey Thy call  
To dwell with Thee on high.

“ONWARD, UPWARD, HOME-  
WARD;—LOOKING UNTO  
JESUS.”

---

“ONWARD, Upward, Homeward,”

Let my motto be ;

Lord, I would press forward,

Looking unto Thee.

I can run with patience

All the Heavenward race,

If in cloud or sunshine

I may see Thy face.

If that face but smileth

On thy trusting child,

Can my spirit tremble

At the tempest wild ?

Can I dread the thunder,  
Or the lightning fear,  
When the storm proclaimeth  
That my Lord is near ?

Shall I fear to venture  
O'er death's narrow sea,  
If, with eye uplifted,  
I may gaze on Thee ?

If Thy loving accents  
Only whisper "Peace,"  
I will fear no evil,  
While my heart-throbs cease.

Flesh and heart may fail me,  
Earthly hopes decay ;  
*Thou* wilt be my portion,  
*Thou* my strength and stay.

"Onward, Upward, Homeward,"  
Shall my motto be,  
Till without a vail, Lord,  
I Thy glory see.

“ UNTIL HE FIND IT.”

---

“ UNTIL he find it,”—such the patient  
love

Of the kind shepherd for his wandering  
sheep ;

Up the steep, rugged mountain-side he  
climbs ;

Through the thick forest, down the  
lonely glen

He presses on with weary, bleeding feet.

What though he hear the lion's dreadful  
roar,

And see the beasts of prey when night  
draws on,

What though the lightning flash and  
tempest beat

O'er his defenceless head, he presses on  
Until he find his wayward, roving sheep;  
And then, without a word of harsh  
rebuke,

He lays it on his shoulder, brings it home  
To the forsaken fold, and with a heart  
Too full of joy to bear it all alone,  
He calls his friends to share in his  
delight,—

“ Rejoice with me, I've found my long-  
lost sheep.”

O touching picture of the Saviour's love  
To the lost sinner whom He came to  
save—

Down from the glory of His throne on  
high  
To this dark world of sorrow, sin, and  
death,

That He might win the wanderer back  
to God !

He knew the danger, but He loved His  
sheep,

Yea, loved it with a love more strong  
than death ;

And still this Shepherd seeks His roving  
one,

And follows it through all its devious  
course

“ Until He find it,” when all Heaven  
rings

With the glad tidings, “ Lo, the lost is  
found.”

Ah ! who can tell how oft this song is  
heard

Within the Father’s house, the heavenly  
fold ?—



How oft, as time rolls on, it will resound  
Throughout the many mansions, till at  
length

A multitude too vast for man to count,—  
Redeemed by their Great Shepherd's  
precious blood,—

Shall hear His blessèd voice, and follow  
Him

Where living waters shall for ever flow.

**"COME UNTO ME."**

---

How sweet the voice of Jesus  
To those by sin oppressed,  
"Come unto Me, ye weary,  
And I will give you rest."

O ye who toil in sadness,  
And 'neath your burden bow,  
Accept His invitation,  
And come to Jesus now.

The Lord who welcomed sinners,  
When to His feet they came,  
Is still the loving Saviour,  
Then trust His gracious name.

Believe His faithful promise,  
Dispel each fear and doubt ;  
He will in love receive you,  
He will not cast you out.

---

Saviour, my heart is weary,  
By sin and fear oppressed ;  
I hear Thine invitation,  
And come to Thee for rest.

No longer would I wander  
Afar from God and Thee ;  
The slave of sin and Satan—  
I struggle to be free.

O break the iron fetters  
That now enchain my soul,  
Bind up my broken spirit,  
And make the wounded whole.

All hope in *self* renouncing,  
To Thy dear cross I flee,  
Believing, yea, rejoicing  
That Thou hast died for me.

“ HOLD THOU ME UP.”

---

IN temptation's fearful hour,  
Lest I prove the Tempter's power,  
Hold Thou me up.

That my faith may never fail  
When his fiery darts assail,  
Hold Thou me up.

Lest upon my Saviour's name  
I should bring reproach and shame,  
Hold Thou me up.

Lest in sorrow's gloomy day  
I should murmur at the way,  
Hold Thou me up.

In the hour of pain or woe,  
Lest my faith should let Thee go,  
Hold Thou me up.

'Midst the tempest's wild alarms,  
With Thine everlasting arms  
Hold Thou me up.

When my flesh and heart shall fail,  
And I tread death's shady vale,  
Hold Thou me up.

## CHRIST COMFORTING HIS PEOPLE.

---

FEAR not, Christian, midst the roar  
Of the billows on the shore,  
My own church is on the Rock  
Which can feel no tempest's shock.

Foes may rage, and friends may fail,  
Satan's fiery darts assail ;  
Vain shall every weapon prove  
'Gainst the object of My love.

I have called her by her name,  
I will be a wall of flame  
To encompass her around,—  
In her midst will I be found.

'Neath my overspreading wing,  
She need fear no evil thing;  
There may she in safety dwell  
And defy the powers of Hell.



AUTUMN LEAVES.

---

BEAUTIFUL Autumn leaves !

While falling fast around,  
They seem to whisper to my heart  
With soft and pensive sound.

They bid me do God's will  
While my short life shall last,  
As they have done their varied work  
Through all the summer past.

Beneath their pleasant shade  
The weary have found rest,  
And safe within their welcome screen  
The bird hath built her nest.

On them the rain hath fallen  
To nourish branch and root,  
On them the sun hath shed his rays  
To yield *us* golden fruit.

And now their work is o'er  
They fall with every breath,  
Yet glow beneath the Autumn sun,  
Most beautiful in death.

O let me hear their voice  
That speaks in accents sweet,  
“ You, who receive God’s richer gifts,  
Must yield Him service meet.

“ If a more glorious Sun  
Hath shed on you His ray,  
And if the Spirit’s gracious showers  
Fall on you day by day,

**" See that you live to serve  
Your Lord with every breath,  
And you, beneath His light, will shine  
Most beautiful in death."**

NEW YEAR'S EVE.  

---

THE sun has set in brightness  
On this fine New Year's Eve,  
As though to gild with gladness  
The thought of all we leave,—  
The memory of lost pleasures,  
Of joys now past and fled,  
And even of our loved ones  
Now numbered with the dead.

Yes, we have left behind us  
Moments of care and pain,  
And hours of bitter sorrow  
Which ne'er shall come again ;

But have they left their traces  
On heart and life and thought ?  
And are we now the richer  
For all the pain they brought ?

If they have drawn us nearer  
To Him who sent the stroke  
Which burst our earthly fetters,  
And all our idols broke,—  
Have drawn our spirits upward,  
And made us seek our rest  
In nought this world can give us,  
But on our Saviour's breast,—

We'll bless the love that chastened,  
The hand that dealt the blow,  
And tread with cheerful courage  
Our pathway here below ;

On our Belovèd leaning,  
And clinging to His side,  
No ill shall e'er befall us,  
Whatever may betide.

The New Year may bring with it  
Sorrow and toil and fears,  
But *love* our toil shall lighten,  
And *hope* shall dry our tears ;  
Or if our Lord shall call us  
To yield our mortal breath,  
His loving presence with us,  
We'll triumph over death.

How happy, O how blessèd  
The coming year will be,  
If it shall break our fetters  
And set our spirits free ;

Free from the sin that grieves us,  
Free from the conflict sore,  
In our loved Saviour's presence  
To dwell for evermore.

## **"COME TO THE WATERS."**

---

**"O DRINK not of that river,"  
I heard a loud voice cry,  
"Its waters are polluted,  
Your soul will surely die ;"  
To him who heard the warning,  
The words were all in vain ;  
Of earth's deceitful pleasures  
He drank and drank again.**

**His thirst was still unslaken,  
The fever raged within,  
He knew no better waters  
Than those of earth and sin ;**



No gentle voice allured him  
To leave that river's brink,  
By pointing to a Fountain  
Whence he might safely drink.

O you who strive to rescue  
The sinner from his sin,  
Follow the Master's footsteps,  
If you that soul would win ;  
List to His voice at Sychar,  
When at His noontide rest,  
He pitied a poor wanderer,  
And yearned to make her blest.

"Who drinketh of this water  
Shall thirst and thirst again,  
But *I* a blessing offer  
To soothe thy soul's deep pain,

"The pain of earnest longing  
For what earth cannot give ;  
Come to the living Fountain,  
Drink, and thy soul shall live.

"Its waters shall be in thee  
An ever-springing well"—  
The woman heard with wonder,  
Then ran with haste to tell  
The new and joyful story  
To thirsty souls around,  
Of living water offered  
By Christ whom she had found.

O you who know this Saviour,  
And prove His power within,  
To fill thy longing spirit,  
And quench the love of sin,

Come, seek with tender accents,  
The thirsty ones to call,  
To drink the living water  
Which floweth still for all.

## THE SCEPTIC'S PRAYER.

---

"O for light ! whatever it might reveal, would  
it were light ! if there be a God—Light, O for  
light !" \*

---

"LIGHT, give me light; I grope though  
it is day,  
Light, O for light ! I cannot see my  
way,  
Light, give me light ; O for one guiding  
ray !

---

\* See "Remarkable Answers to Prayer,"  
pp. 267-269. Nisbet.

"Where am I now? where do my foot-  
steps tend?

Dark is my way, I cannot see the end;  
O for a light! O for a guide and friend!

"Is there a God, and will He hear my  
cry?

Is He a God far off, or is He nigh?  
Light, give me light, or I shall faint  
and die."

Ah! blind and weary one, thou dost not  
see

That light which shines from Heaven,  
and shines for thee,

Light that can make thy spirit glad and  
free.

"Let there be light"—thus spake the  
Eternal Word;

"Let there be light"—Creation owned  
its Lord ;

O may His light on thy dark soul be  
poured !

Christ is the Light, the glorious orb of  
day,

That Sun of Righteousness, before  
whose ray

The shades of sin and error flee away.

Shake off the chains of doubt and dark  
despair,

Come, search the Scriptures with an  
earnest prayer

For light, and thou shalt find a Saviour  
there.

Light from His Cross shall beam on  
thy dark soul,  
His love shall make thy wounded spirit  
whole,  
Wild stormy waves shall own the Lord's  
control.

List to His voice, for it will lead aright,  
"Who followeth Me shall walk no more  
in night,  
I am the Light, Eternal Life and  
Light."

LOOK AND LIVE.

---

O COME and look on Jesus,  
Behold Him pierced for thee,  
And bearing thy transgressions  
Upon the shameful tree ;  
Come, see the Man of Sorrows,  
And hear His dying groan,  
And let the love of Jesus  
Dissolve thy heart of stone.

Come, sinner, look on Jesus,  
Behold Him leave the grave,  
Its chains no longer bind Him,  
For He is strong to save ;



He rises to redeem thee  
From sin and death and woe;  
Believe His mighty power  
To vanquish every foe.

O come and look on Jesus,  
Behold Him soar above  
To His bright home in Heaven,  
A home of peace and love;  
His work on earth is finished,  
His sufferings are o'er;  
O trust the living Saviour,  
And doubt His word no more.

Come, sinner, look on Jesus;  
He intercedes for those  
Who plead His merits only,  
And on His work repose;

Come, bring your sin to Jesus,  
Who freely will forgive  
The soul that trusts His mercy;  
O come, believe and live.

## CHILDREN'S PRAISES.

---

CHILDREN, come and praise the Saviour  
In your happy, early days ;  
Jesus loves the songs of children,  
He delights to hear their praise.

When they sang within the Temple  
Glad hosannas to His name,  
Jesus loved to hear their voices,  
And His heart is still the same.

Praise the Lord of life and glory  
For His humble, lowly birth,  
For His works of healing mercy,  
For His words of love on earth.

For His sufferings in the garden  
Of the lone Gethsemane,  
For His death of shame and sorrow  
On the Cross of Calvary.

For His joyful Resurrection  
From the dark and silent grave,  
Showing us His work was finished  
For the souls He died to save.

For His glorious Ascension  
To the home from whence He came,  
To prepare a place in Heaven  
For the child who trusts His name.

Children, since for you He suffered,  
And for you He rose again,  
Come and sing the angels' anthem,  
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain."

Come and join the song still sweeter  
 Than an angel's hymn can be ;  
 The "new song" of ransomed sinners  
 Sing, "The Saviour died for me."

Children, do you love the Saviour  
 For His wondrous love to you ?  
 Let your lives show forth His praises,  
 Live to Him who died for you.

**MY THREE GARDENS.****(FOR CHILDREN.)**

---

**I HAVE a little garden**

**Of which I take great care,**

**Lest worm or hurtful insect**

**Should ever enter there ;**

**And in the early spring time**

**I sow my tiny seeds,**

**And watch my garden closely,**

**To keep it free from weeds.**

**And when the summer cometh,**

**I love to see the flowers**

**Look bright in happy sunshine,**

**Or wet with gentle showers.**

The fuchsias and geraniums,  
The wallflower so tall,—  
My lilies and my roses,  
Which I like best of all.

I have another garden  
To cultivate with care,  
And I must sow in spring time  
The seeds of knowledge there ;  
I must not be a sluggard,  
And waste life's early hours,  
Lest in my *mental* garden  
Should grow no pleasant flowers.

I've yet another garden  
That needs my daily care,  
And not my *keeping* only,  
But many an earnest *prayer* ;

For there weeds quickly flourish,  
It is their native soil ;  
To kill or to uproot them  
Will need much care and toil.

But then within this garden  
I need not work alone,  
God's eye is always on it,  
He claims it for His own ;  
He comes and looks for blossoms,  
For pleasant fruit and flowers,  
And that *my heart* may yield them,  
He promises sweet showers.

He will give " showers of blessing,"  
His Spirit from on high,  
If for this rain from Heaven  
To Him I daily cry ;



For Jesus' sake I'll ask Him  
To pour this gift on me,  
That "like a watered garden"  
My heart may ever be.

FOR A DEAF AND DUMB  
CHRISTIAN.

---

JESUS, I cannot hear  
My earthly Teacher's voice,  
But Thou dost whisper in mine ear,  
And make my heart rejoice.

Ah ! once that heart was dumb,  
And deaf to Thee my soul ;  
But Thou in tender love didst come,  
And make my spirit whole.

I love to hear Thee speak  
Within Thy house of prayer,  
I love with those around to seek  
And find Thy presence there.

-

And though I cannot hear  
 The praises which they sing,  
 I know my song doth reach Thine ear,  
 With all the prayer I bring.

For though my *lips* are dumb,  
 And cannot speak to Thee,  
 It is with loving *thoughts* I come,  
 And Thou my *heart* dost see.

And when I read Thy word,  
 I feast upon Thy love,  
 And long to see Thy face, O Lord,  
 In Thy bright home above.

Then shall I hear the song  
 Which all Thy saved ones bring,  
 And then, with all the happy throng,  
 My lips Thy praise shall sing ;

**“Worthy the Lamb once slain,  
Who washed us in His blood,  
Who cleansed our souls from every sin,  
In that most precious flood.”**

**Then, in a grateful song,  
My mouth shall gladly tell  
How Thou hast touched my ears and  
tongue,  
And hast “done all things well.”**

TO A SUNDAY-SCHOOL  
TEACHER.

---

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

---

TEACHER, why those falling tears ?

Why that look of care and pain ?

Is it that no fruit appears,

And thy labour seems in vain ?

Chase thy fear, thy grief dismiss,

God shall turn thy woe to bliss.

Thou hast sown the precious seed,

Watered oft with tears the soil ;

So the promise thou mayest plead,

To the sowers who thus toil ;

"Ye, who now go forth and weep,

Shall a joyful harvest reap."

Mourning teacher, dry each tear,  
Yet a little longer wait ;  
Soon thy Master shall appear,  
In His robes of Kingly state ;  
When thine eyes shall see thy Lord,  
Thou shalt reap a full reward.

Not of merit, but of grace,  
That reward from Christ shall be ;  
Humbly shall thy soul retrace  
What His love hath done for thee,—  
Bought thee with His precious blood,  
Washed thee in that cleansing flood,  
Raised thee from the death of sin  
Now to live for Christ alone,  
Made thee wise some souls to win  
For the loving Saviour's crown,—  
Gems which shall His brow adorn,  
On the glorious Harvest-morn.

THE two following pieces were suggested by  
the "SAURIN CASE," February, 1869.

### THE CONVENT AND THE HOME.

---

YE Daughters of Great Britain,  
The gentle and the fair,  
O dream not that the Convent  
Is God's own House of Prayer,  
Nor think to serve Him better,  
By seeking entrance there.

O let no "Reverend Mother"  
By you be e'er adored,  
Nor heavenly gift of pardon  
From earthly Priest implored ;  
Nor yield your "will and judgment"  
To any pseudo-lord.

Let no rash vow of meekness  
Your conscience e'er enthrall,  
Nor let your tears of sorrow  
Before a mortal fall ;  
But deem your secret chamber  
The true Confessional.

Nor think that any penance,  
However great the pain,  
Can heal the broken spirit,  
And close its wounds again ;  
The blood of Jesus only  
Will cleanse from sin's dark stain.

Nor hope to leave temptation,  
If from the world you part,  
For sin will yet be with you,  
Its seat is in the heart ;  
Nor thickest wall of cloister  
Can shield from Satan's dart.



And if a "life religious "

Be that at which you aim,

O let it be religious

In *deed* as well as *name* ;

Nor let a life of trifles

Bring on the Gospel shame.

If now to Christ the Saviour

You give your early days,

Your life in home's loved circle

Will best proclaim His praise ;

For there to God's own glory

You may an altar raise.

Your light must not be hidden

Within the cloister dark,

But seek for God's own Spirit,

To fan the sacred spark,

That His light shining through you,

The road to Heaven may mark.

Nor deem the gift of "silence"  
The highest gift to seek ;  
But rather ask for wisdom,  
To teach you how to speak ;  
To speak like Christ your Master,  
In loving words and meek.

Nor take the "vow of poverty,"  
But rather with your store  
Go, cheer the sick around you,  
Relieve the suffering poor ;  
And teach their little children  
"Our Father" to adore.

Then dream not that in Convents  
The Lord is served alone ;  
The peasant in the cottage,  
The Queen upon her throne,  
The families of Britain  
His gracious rule may own.

LONGING FOR REST.

---

THEY call the life in Convents  
A heavy yoke to bear,  
I think *my* burden greater  
Than any burden there.

I know my outward conduct  
Has strict and upright been,  
But God, who looks within me,  
Beholds a heart of sin.

I'd leave the world's vain pleasures,  
Yea, from my home I'd part,  
If this from sin would save me,  
And purify my heart.

I'd walk to Rome barefooted,  
And on my bended knee  
I'd ask the Holy Father  
To say, "Absolvo Te."

Or in some secret corner,  
Before some reverend Priest,  
With streaming eyes I'd tell him  
The secrets of my breast.

I'd say the Ave Maries,  
And Pater Nosters too,  
If this would make me holy,  
And all my sins undo.

I'd keep the vow of silence,  
My lips I'd strictly close,  
Would this but silence conscience,  
And cure my spirit's woes.

I'd think no penance heavy  
 That could remove this load—  
 The sense of sin unpardoned,  
 And of the wrath of God.

But would it ease my burden ?  
 O might some nun but say  
 If life within a Convent  
 Would take this load away !

. . . . .  
 I'm glad I sought no Convent ;  
 Instead of going there,  
 I turned to my own Bible,  
 And read with earnest prayer.

And there I learned that Jesus  
 Had borne my sins for me,—  
 The load of my transgressions  
 Upon the cursèd tree.

I found that His blood only  
    Could wash away my sin,  
And His own Holy Spirit  
    Could make me pure within.

I heard Him call the weary  
    To come to Him for rest,  
The sad and heavy-laden  
    To lean upon His breast.

I came and brought my burden,  
    And laid it at His feet,  
And then I rose forgiven,  
    And felt "in Him complete."

And now I take *His* burden,  
    *His* light and easy yoke,  
Because His Spirit taught me  
    To hear the word He spoke.

O sweet was His soft whisper,  
His voice of love to me,  
When, as I wept before Him,  
*He* said, " Absolvo Te."

# ON THE FUNERAL AT ABERGELE,

AUGUST 25TH, 1868.

---

In the churchyard of Abergele is a grave which will long be visited with painful interest. It contains the remains of thirty-three persons who passed away in a flame of fire, caused by the explosion of petroleum on the Chester and Holyhead Railway.

---

Is there a heart that does not throb,  
As though the mournful knell  
Had been borne to each ear by passing  
wind,  
From the slowly tolling bell ?



“ Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ! ”

Solemn and sad the sound—

When the form of one whom we dearly  
loved

Is laid beneath the ground.

But who can tell how the mournful  
words

Fell on the listening ear,

Of the friends who, around that long,  
deep grave,

Shed many a bitter tear ?

“ Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ! ”—

Little was left beside,

To commit to the cold and silent tomb,  
Of those who lately died.

Died ! not as men expect to die,  
By sickness or decay,  
For with scarce a moment's warnin  
given,  
They passed from earth away.

Scarce was there time to breathe  
prayer,  
Ere the unclothed spirit stood,  
Where the rich and poor must alik  
appear,  
Before a holy God.

“ Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ! ”—  
Those who once knew them well,  
Could engrave on the coffin-lid no word  
Their name or age to tell.

Yet there is One who knows each  
name,—

The Lord who formed them all,  
And their sleeping dust shall obey His  
voice,  
At whose Almighty call

Those who within the grave now lie,  
Shall issue from the tomb ;  
While from 'neath the sea's unfathomed  
depths,  
The silent dead shall come.

O while our sympathising tears  
For the bereaved ones fall,  
Let us hear the solemn and warning  
voice  
That speaks aloud to all.

**“ ‘Live while you live,’ lest soon the  
sands**

**Of life should cease to run ;  
And the night of death should surprise  
the soul,**

**With life’s great work undone.**

**“ Believe in Jesus, cleansed by Him**

**From every sinful stain,  
And prepared to dwell with the saints  
in light,**

**For you, ‘to die is gain.’ ”**

## A PRAYER FOR SPAIN.

---

Written at the commencement of the Revolution  
of September, 1868.

---

LORD, hear our prayer for Spain,  
And set her people free ;  
To that enslaved, benighted land,  
Give glorious liberty !

Put forth Thy power now,  
And break the galling chain  
With which her children are enthralled,  
O Lord, appear for Spain.

How can that land be free,  
Where Thine own word is bound,  
Where Satan's slaves can never hear  
The Gospel's "joyful sound" ?

With blood of martyred saints  
Her soil is deeply stained ;  
O'er that fair land a curse hath fallen,  
A long, dark night hath reigned.

From Inquisition walls  
Oft rose a cry to Thee ;  
It reached *Thine* ear alone, O God—  
That cry of agony !

And long since then her sons,  
Yearning for heavenly light,  
Have been immured in prison dens,  
Or banished from her sight.

Yet Thou hast children there,  
“ Thy hidden ones,” who pray  
That on the darkness of their land  
May shine the light of day.

Lord, hear their earnest cry,  
And let Thy Gospel's light  
Upon their country now arise,  
And chase away the night.

O send a ruler there,  
Beneath whose gracious reign,  
The mind and conscience shall be free ;  
Lord, hear our prayer for Spain.

## PRAY FOR ISRAEL.

---

CHRISTIAN, pray for Abraham's seed,  
For your earnest prayers they need,—  
Sunk in gloom of darkest night—  
Pray that God will give them light.

Thick the veil upon their eyes,  
While the truth before them lies ;  
Until God remove the veil,  
Human efforts all must fail.

Pray for Israel, strong their claim  
From whose race our Saviour came,  
Him in highest Heaven adored,  
David's Son, yet David's Lord.



Pray for Israel, much we owe  
Those, who safe from every foe  
Kept God's word with jealous care,  
Though their *sins* were written there.

Plead the promise of the Lord,  
Plead His true and faithful word,  
"Israel from their sin shall turn,  
They shall look on Me and mourn.

"Plunged beneath the sacred flood,  
Washed in Mine atoning blood,  
Israel shall My name confess  
As the Lord their Righteousness.

"Graft into their olive tree,  
Living branches they shall be ;  
Drawing life from Me, their Root,  
They shall fill the earth with fruit."

## THE OLD, OLD PATHS.

AN APPEAL TO ISRAEL.

---

“Stand in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths—and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.”—Jer. vi. 16.

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### PART I.

Ask for the old, old paths  
Wherein your fathers trod,  
Walk in the ancient way  
In which they met with God.

When our first parents fell,  
Sin filled their hearts with fear;  
To Him whom once they loved  
They could no more draw near.

But a forgiving God  
In pitying mercy came,  
The way of life to show,  
A Saviour to proclaim.

Satan should bruise the heel  
Of Eve's now-promised seed—  
Messiah,—who at length  
Should bruise the Serpent's head.

The new, atoning way,  
Of free access to God,  
Abel by faith received,  
He came and shed the blood.

When Abraham slew the ram,  
In his loved Isaac's stead,  
He saw Messiah's "day,  
He saw it and was glad."

In Egypt's slavish bonds  
Long did his children lie ;  
But God appeared to save,  
For He had "heard their cry."

"Egypt's firstborn shall die,  
Then Israel shall be freed,  
But he must be redeemed,  
The Paschal lamb must bleed.

"The blood upon the door  
Shall stay the Angel's hand ;"  
Israel believed, obeyed,  
And left the cursèd land.

---

And now within the camp  
The Lord would find a place,  
Wherein He might reveal  
The glory of His grace.

To Moses thus He spake :

“ Above the Mercy-seat  
My glory shall be seen,  
And there with thee I'll meet.

“ But Israel must not dare  
Before Me to appear;  
Aaron alone shall come,  
And only once a year.

“ Not without blood must he  
Draw near unto My throne;  
His own, and Israel's sins—  
For these he must atone.

“ The bull and goat must die;—  
Within the Holy Place  
I must behold their blood,  
Ere I can show My grace.”

Nor once a year alone  
Atoning blood was shed,  
But daily, morn and eve,  
A lamb for Israel bled.

And each sin-stricken one  
A sacrifice must bring,  
Ere, in God's holy courts,  
He could of pardon sing.

It was by blood alone  
The sinner could be whole ;  
It was the blood that made  
Atonement for the soul.

The leper would be cleansed—  
A bird for him must die ;  
Then, dipped beneath its blood,  
The live-bird soars on high.

Within the Temple court  
Must blood for ever flow;  
Why should these victims bleed?  
Does God delight in woe?

Ah! no, these shadows tell  
Of One who is to come  
To take the sinner's place,  
And suffer in his room.

---

Of Him the Prophet spake,—  
It was God's solemn word,—  
“Against my Shepherd Great  
Awake, awake, O sword.

“Israel shall look on Him  
Whom they have pierced, and mourn  
As one in bitter grief,  
Left childless and forlorn.

"But from His wounded side,  
Shall flow a cleansing flood ;  
And Salem's sons shall wash  
In that atoning blood."

Thus too Isaiah sang,  
In his prophetic strain,  
Of One who, as the Lamb,  
Should be for sinners slain.

Yet He should rise again,  
He should "prolong His days ;"—  
Messiah's "seed" should come,  
And celebrate His praise.

Yes, Israel should "return,  
And seek" their promised King ;  
"The Lord our Righteousness,"  
Should Zion's children sing.



The dying, then the joy  
 Of Him who should redeem  
 The people of His choice,—  
 Such was the Prophets' theme.

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## PART II.

Ask for the old, old paths  
 Wherein your fathers trod,  
 Walk in the ancient way  
 In which they met with God.

“ But Israel has no King,  
 No priest, no ephod now ;  
 ‘ Without a sacrifice,’  
 How shall we come and bow ? ”

Yet Israel *had* a King,  
 The angels sang His birth,—  
 “ Glory to God in heaven,  
 Goodwill and peace on earth.”

He took a veil of flesh,  
He hid His glory thus,  
That He might dwell on earth,  
“Emmanuel, God with us.”

No beauty some can see—  
Isaiah so foretold—  
In Him “the Mighty God,”  
Whose goings were of old.

But lame men leap as harts,  
The blind eyes on Him gaze,  
The deaf can hear His voice,  
The dumb proclaim His praise.

And yet He is despised,  
Rejected by His own;  
Men mock Him as a King,  
And all His claims disown.

Gentiles and Jews unite  
Against the Anointed Son ;  
They kill " the Prince of Life,"  
They slay " the Holy One."

The " Man of Sorrows " see,  
" Behold the Lamb of God,"  
On whom the Father lays  
The sinner's heavy load.

---

This, this is Satan's hour ;  
But Jesus leaves the dead ;  
The mighty Conqueror  
Hath bruised the Serpent's head.

And now He soars on high—  
" Lift up your heads, ye gates,  
Ye everlasting doors ;—  
The King of Glory waits."

Not long He waiteth there,  
    "Thousands of angels" fly;  
God's chariots and hosts  
    Hail His return on high.

The Great High Priest of God  
    Hath passed within the veil,  
With His own sacrifice,—  
    The blood that must avail.

The blood shed once for all  
    Is now the angels' song,  
And forms the sweetest theme  
    Of all the ransomed throng.

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But Christ shall come again,—  
    His glory veiled no more—  
Israel shall own their King,  
    Shall triumph and adore.

Gentiles shall see their light,  
Their glory shall begin,  
For "Israel shall be saved,"  
And they shall turn from sin.

Nations shall bless the name  
Of David's Son and Lord,  
Whom Israel shall confess,  
The Incarnate Son of God.

But they must see Him *now*,  
By faith must "kiss the Son,"  
The Great High Priest and King,  
God's own Anointed One.

Come, Holy Spirit, come,  
Open their eyes to see,  
And tune their lips to praise  
The Father, Son and Thee.

## THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

---

DARK is the midnight hour,  
And loudly roars the storm,  
While on the surging wave appears  
An awful, spectral form ;  
Nearer the barque it draws,  
The sailor holds his breath,  
His strong frame trembles, for he sees  
It is the Angel—Death.

A sword is raised on high,  
The lightnings flash around,  
And louder than the thunder's peal  
Is heard a solemn sound ;

Few are the doleful words—  
    “O spirit, come with me,”  
Then quickly from the sailor's heart  
    All hope and courage flee.

One thought of home is there,  
    One tear for loving hearts,  
One cry for mercy from above,  
    And then the soul departs ;  
For o'er the quivering barque  
    There rolls a mighty wave,  
And soon in ocean's silent depths  
    The sailor finds a grave.

Swifter than arrow's speed  
    The Angel wings his flight,  
And gains the city's narrow streets  
    In chilly hour of night ;

From house to house he goes,  
And enters many a door,  
Famine and fever well he knows  
Have entered there before.

He calls the young and old,  
And spreads a sad alarm ;  
The mother trembles as she sees  
The infant on her arm ;  
Its eyes are closed in sleep,  
She stoops to catch its breath,  
Alas ! no sound can reach her ear,  
It is the sleep of Death.

The children stand and weep  
Around a lowly bed,  
For there the mother whom they loved  
Lies numbered with the dead ;

---



Within another home

A widow's heart is torn,  
The form of him she held most dear  
Must to the grave be borne.

The Angel spreads his wing

Towards a palace gate,  
Nor dreams, like earthly visitant,  
For entrance there to wait ;  
Beside a royal bed

Is heard, in solemn tone,  
The call which monarchs must obey,—  
“O king, resign thy throne.”

. . . . .

The sun is sinking now

In yonder glowing west,  
A softened radiance spreads around,  
And tells of peace and rest ;

Within a silent room

A ray of glory streams ;

But here a Sun more beauteous far

Hath shed His cheering beams.

The Angel Death is here,

Yet bears no awful sword,

The dying Christian sees him not,

He only sees his Lord ;

Upward he looks, and smiles

To hear the whisper, " Come, "—

That sound he long hath waited for—

The welcome to his home.

" Saviour, I come to Thee,

My work below is done ;

My day on earth is closing now,

With that of yonder sun ;

But to a higher life  
I rise at Thy command,  
Nor fear, in Thine own righteousness,  
Before the throne to stand.

“ I do not fear to die,  
To yield this parting breath,  
I know Thee as the ‘ Prince of Life ’  
Who hast ‘ abolished death ’ ;  
So with my failing strength  
I bless Thee while I sing,  
‘ O grave, where is thy victory ?  
O Death, where is thy sting ? ’ ”

WATCHMAN OF ZION.  

---

WATCHMAN of Zion, wake,  
For dangers press around,  
And blow the trumpet of our God  
With no uncertain sound.

Come, raise the note of war,  
Nor let the city sleep,  
While Satan, with his legion hosts,  
A watchful eye doth keep.

Now, for a strong attack  
He summons all his power,  
Earnest, as though his time on earth  
Were but this passing hour.

Rome comes at his command,  
With Council,\* frown, and smile,  
To work by proud and bold assault,  
Or stratagem and guile.

She longs to take the prey,  
Yet for a moment waits,  
Strong in the hope that foes within  
Will soon unloose the gates.

Nor deem our Zion-walls  
Assailed by Rome alone,  
For unbelief, with subtle art,  
Aims at her kingly throne.

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\* The Œcumenical Council summoned by the Pope to meet on the 8th December, 1869.

From Christ's own royal head  
It fain would snatch the crown,  
And make the soldier of the Cross  
His shield and sword lay down.

That sword so often tried,  
And proved in danger's hour  
A victor over every foe,  
Can never lose its power.

Watchman of Zion, wake,  
And wield the Spirit's sword,  
And let its two-edged blade be felt,  
That sword—God's holy word.





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